Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, MORALITY, SCIENCE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

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Lord Byron's Palace, at Venice.

In Venice, Tasso's echoes are no more,
And silent rows the songless gondolier;
Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,
And music meets not always now the ear:
Those days are gone—but beauty still is here.
States fall—arts fade—but nature doth not die,
Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear,
The pleasant place of all festivity,
The revel of the earth; the masque of Italy.
CHILDE HAROLD.

The engraving above presents a view of the palace occupied by Lord Byron during his residence in Venice.

When, after his unfortunate marriage, and the destruction of those hopes which he at one period entertained of becoming, under the mild influence of a virtuous and sensible woman, a better and a happier man, Lord Byron once more left England in search of that peace of mind, which was destined never to be his; Venice naturally occurred to him as a place where, for a time at least, he should find a suitable residence. He had, in his own language,—"loved it from his boyhood;" and there was a poetry connected with its situation, its habits, and its history, which excited both his imagination and his curiosity. At the same time the melancholy with which his heart was filled was soothed and cherished by the associations which every object in Venice inspired. The prospect of dominion subdued, of a high spirit humbled, of splendour tarnished, of palaces sinking into ruins, was but too faithfully in accordance with the dark and mournful mind which the poet bore within him. Nor were other motives, of a nature wholly different, wanting to draw him to Venice. He still imagined that he could find gratification in that which he called pleasure; and that the false lights of dissipation, and the broad glare of passion, could waken life and light in the cold solitude of his wasted and desolate heart. But he was mistaken. His residence in Venice was far from contributing to his happiness.

... menace disregarded, she ran into the balcony and threw herself into the canal, whence she was rescued by a gondola uninjured. The Venetians, of course, imagined that Lord Byron had thrown her into the canal. During his residence at Venice, his lordship had the imprudence to serenade an unmarried lady. "I had been one night under her window serenading, and the next morning, who should be announced, at the same time, but a priest and a police officer, come, as I thought, either to shoot or marry me again, I did not care which. I was disgusted and tired with the life I led in Venice, and was glad to turn my back on it."

Ravenna appears to have afforded Lord Byron his happiest and most tranquil residence in Italy. "I found," he says, "at Ravenna much education and liberality of thinking among the higher classes. The climate is delightful. I was unbroken in upon by society. It lies out of the way of travellers. I was never tired of my rides in the pine forest; it breathes of the Decameron; it is poetical ground. Francesca lived and Dante was exiled at Ravenna. There is something inspiring in such an air." He has also recorded in his verse his attachment to these scenes.

Sweet hour of twilight! in the solitude
Of the pine forests, and the silent shore
Which bounds Ravenna's immemorial wood,
Rooted where once the Adrian wave flow'd o'er,
To where the last Cæsarian fortress stood,
Evergreen forest! which Boccaccio's lore
And Dryden's lay made haunted ground to me,
How have I loved the twilight hour and thee!
The shrill cicale, people of the pine,
Making their summer-lives one ceaseless song,
Were the sole echoes, save my steed's and mine,
And vesper-bells that rose the boughs among.

The Countess Albrizzi, who became acquainted with Lord Byron during his residence at Venice, has given, ...

From the Portland Advertiser.

BROOK'S LETTERS.

No. XXXVII.

No. XXXVIII.

No. XXXIX.

... only he who has felt the loneliness of a strange country, in a strange land, with a strange language, can understand what an incident it was in my journey—particularly as I had parted from them with no expectation of seeing them again, at least in Europe. In fact we Americans come to a focus in Frankfort. ... Niles' Register and the New York Gazette which the American consul loaned us, made us very happy. ... None but an editor can commiserate the condition of an editor deprived of newspapers, his staff of life, his meat, his drink, his daily bread. I ached to see one—can I get a stronger word? B.

From the New York Spirit of the Times.

TEXAS.

BY F. L. WADDELL.

Hark! from the land where blooms the rose,
Throughout a year of fruits and flowers,
The clarion's call! for Freedom's foes
Would dare invade her sacred bowers.

There has the settler reared his home,
By hardy toil and bold emprise,
And from Religion's peaceful dome
His grateful prayers to Heaven arise.

His children round the cottage hearth—
The infant on its mother's knee—
Were taught the holiest law on earth,
Which God approves, *is to be free!*

And now the hour has come at last—
Rebellion's smothered cry has broke;
Too long in galling bondage cast,
They swear to crush a tyrant's yoke.

Hark! from the land where patriots dwell,
The clarion's call, a wail of grief!
Shall *Texas* fall as *Poland* fell?
No arm be raised for her relief?

No! by the Arm which led them on
To settle in that fairy clime,
They'll laugh blest Freedom's foes to scorn,
Or perish in the cause sublime!

Oh, righteous cause! when man, oppress'd
Girds on the sword to do or die,
His name in glory's page shall rest
And angels wait his soul on high!

Though dark *Oppression* o'er her lower,
From bondage Texas shall arise,
And crush a haughty despot's power—
Her flag triumphant sweeps the skies!

Extract from the third No. of the Crayon Miscellany.

LEGEND OF COUNT JULIAN AND HIS FAMILY.

A MASQUERADE AT BERLIN.

that favoring Boreas had done his duty, by the wind brightened eye of my partner, I walked into a recess, and, taking her hand, endeavored to remove the glove.— We all know, ladies like those innocent liberties, which are easily excused, and, in point of fact, not indelicate. I felt as under the direction of Ovid, who recommends tearing the bracelet from the lady's arm and I considered that what the great master of love proposed might be safely practised. Every footman knows the rule by which he acts: and when the elderly mother lifts her ponderous self into her carriage, to the great danger of the springs, John allows her silk dress to come in close contact with the wheel; but see the difference, when the lovely daughter of seventeen, looking as nature's fairest production—John well knows her lovely form-d limbs should not meet the curious eye of strangers, and carefully presses her dress against the limbs he modestly pretends to hide.

I felt a ring—by Allah, I felt a ring—without doubt a ring! It was then certain she was another's wife, and all the danger of meeting my long friend with the cocked hat came upon me like a flash of lightning; and just at that moment, by way of confirming the reality, in came the gentleman. There was I, her hand in mine, all alone, eyes red with hope, taken (as the sailors say in the Straits of Babelmandel) "all aback, with no room to brace the yards round,"—meaning, I suppose, running home tipsy, into a sentrybox, and not being able to find one's way out again. A murmuring conversation took place, not altogether so unruffled as the ocean during the halcyon days. I wished myself snug enough in the mines of Siberia, or under the protection (a comfortable name for confinement) of the Roman police. Words waxed higher and higher, when the lady, suddenly rising, took my arm, and went in search of her sister, the long gentleman leaving behind him a look much longer than his sword, and which seemed to say, "It will be my fault if I do not revenge myself upon you, my young traveller." By this time I had recovered myself, and thought as little of him as Barbarossa did of the pope: I looked considerable defiance, and left him to return, as the Persians say, "with a white face," the best way he could.

In spite of all anxieties, I danced with the same partner until three o'clock in the morning, at which hour I was quite as ignorant of who she might be as I was at the commencement of the evening. We now resolved to retire homeward, and at the conclusion of a dance I ventured to tell my partner that I should be happy to renew the acquaintance on the morrow, and see her own and not her varnished face. "But," said I, at the conclusion, "my carriage is here, and is at your disposal." She answered that she lived in the same direction as we did, and that herself and companion would accompany us, and feel much obliged for the accommodation.

Every thing assumed a heavy appearance; the [illegible]

[illegible]

like the Sleeping Beauty in the woods, curled up in another.

I called the carriage, and had already handed one of the ladies into the vehicle, when I heard the cursed voice of the long gentleman; he looked at the scene with perfect nonchalance, and even told the coachman to go home. In vain I would here paint the raptures of that short interview, the fondness with which we shook hands, or rather held them in lover-like warmth. And here I must mention that I withdrew the glove, and rifled from off the finger of my beloved a ring: the treasure was conveyed, unseen by my companion, to my own hand, and I ardently wished to gaze upon my prize. The coach arrived at its destination; the bell rang, and the door opened. I offered the carriage to convey my love to her residence, which she declined, alighting without assistance, and, entering the house, walked up stairs. I flew to the lamp on the staircase, and examined my prize: it was a hair ring, with the words "Gieb mir ein kuss," on white silk, thereon. I followed with great astonishment and speed to my own room, and, on entering, saw I was attended by the long gentleman. The scene was fast drawing towards a close. I asked with violence what he meant by the intrusion; when, unmasking, I discovered my own valet-de place, who wished to know at what hour I wanted the carriage the next day—and the ladies, eternal curses on all masquerades! were the two house-maids belonging to the establishment of Mynheer Jager, the chief restaurateur on the Linden!

COMMUNICATION.

BUCKS COUNTY SCHOOLS.

Mr. Editor—I was highly fortunate a few days since, in having an opportunity to attend a meeting in Newtown, for the "Improvement of Schools and the general diffusion of knowledge in Bucks county." It was a quarterly meeting of the county Lyceum, and consisted, partly or principally of delegates from township and school Lyceums, auxiliary to the county society, some of whom attended from the distance of thirty miles.

The results of this society, during the three months of its existence, have, according to the reports made at the meeting, been truly surprising. It appears that a new interest is awakened, on the subject of schools particularly, which has already produced results wholly unexpected.

The county society, with its various auxiliaries, has directed its efforts particularly to the procuring of cabinets, especially of mineral specimens, for the use of Lyceums, schools and families. Their success in this object, and the results of these cabinets as represented, were of the most gratifying character. Cabinets are provided for every Lyceum in every township and for a great number of schools in the county.

What appeared to be most surprising, and the most gratifying to the meeting, was the effect of these specimens of nature, on the ordinary school exercises, as reading, writing, arithmetic, and the other common branches of school education. Pupils, teachers, and parents were uniformly, though incidentally, lead to feel and manifest a new interest on the whole subject of schools and of education generally. It was stated that children learnt to read, write, spell, and cypher faster and better from the new impulse they had received from the new and pleasing study of minerals, plants and other departments of nature.

A new era, in the history of the Bucks County Schools, is evidently commenced; and it is also evident, from statements made at the meeting, respecting similar measures, [illegible] influence of Lyceum operations, an intellectual and moral revolution is in speedy progress, in the state of Pennsylvania.

A SPECTATOR.

Saturday Evening Post.

JANUARY, 9, 1836.

List of Insolvents,

Who have applied for the benefit of the several Acts of Insolvency, and who will be heard, at the County Court-house, on Wednesday next, 6th of January,

John Yeager, hatter, city of Philadelphia.

Jacob Holiday, weaver, Germantown Road, above Poplar lane.

John Baker, carter, Allen st. E. Kensington.

Jefferson Archer, mariner, Shippen, above Third st.

Thomas M'Kee, cordwainer, No. 2, Brook's court.

George Holmes, wheelwright, corner Schuylkill 7th and Filbert sts.

William Nicholson, house carpenter, No. 4 Diamond st.

Philip Davis, waiter, 8 Walnut st.

[illegible]

EPITOME OF THE TIMES.

We understand that, Joseph R. Ingersoll, Esq. was very seriously injured by the upsetting of the stage between Baltimore and Little York.—Messrs. Ash and Sutherland, were also in the stage but escaped any material injury.

Disgraceful Riot.—A disgraceful riot occurred on Christmas morning in St. Mary street, between Seventh and Eighth. We have not heard the origin of the disturbance, but at the time our informant was present, the Mayor and Police were on the ground, engaged in arresting the offenders and dispersing the mob. The rioters consisted of whites and blacks, and as we learn, several shots were fired during the disturbance, and one or two persons were injured so severely that it was thought necessary to take them to the hospital.

Small Notes.—It will not be lawful after the first of January inst., (says the Trenton Emporium) to pass or exchange bank bills under the denomination of *three dollars*, in this state (New Jersey.) Penalty for each offence *Fifty dollars.*

It is estimated that the quantity of Coffee consumed in New York by the recent fire, was about 20,000 bags, of which about 12,000 were in first hands. Nearly 2,000 hhds. sugar, in one parcel, are said to have also been destroyed.—The loss in French goods was peculiarly heavy.

Chief Justice Marshall's epitaph is as simple and plain as might have been expected from a man so truly great. It merely records his birth and his wife's name and death, leaving a blank [illegible]

[illegible]

Important from France.

The packet ship Westminster, Capt. Moore, from London, has arrived since our last publication, bringing papers from the British capital to the evening of November 11th, inclusive.

The news from France is important, inasmuch as we have at length positive intelligence that Mr. Barton has demanded his passports, and was preparing for an immediate return to the United States. Thus has one step more been taken towards a rupture between two countries, whose interests and desires are alike decidedly peaceful. This unpleasant, though not unexpected information, reaches us, not only through the French press, but also through the private correspondence of the London journals. Coming, therefore, through so many channels, no doubt remains of its authenticity. The first annunciation of the news was contained in the postscript of a letter from Paris, dated Saturday afternoon, November 7, half-past 4 o'clock, as follows:—

At five o'clock yesterday afternoon, Mr. Barton, Charge d'Affairs of the United States of America, addressed a formal demand to the Duc de Broglie, minister of Foreign Affaires of the king of the French, for his passport. Mr. Barton stated that he made this application, in consequence of the non-performance by the French government of the treaty of July, 1831, (that for the American indemnification so well known.)

The *Messenger*, of the same date, thus announces the event:—

Mr. Barton, who has hitherto performed the functions of Charge d'Affairs, of the United [illegible]

[illegible]

don press, as derived from their correspondents in the French capital:

From the London Times of Nov. 9.

PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE.

PARIS, Saturday afternoon.—In consequence of fresh instructions received from Washington, Mr. Barton, the Charge d'Affaires of the United States, at 6 o'clock yesterday afternoon transmitted to the Duke de Broglie, a formal application for his passports. The motive assigned for this measure, in his official note, is simply the non-execution of the treaty negociated in Paris in the year 1831, and afterwards duly ratified, for the payment of the 25,000,000 francs, by the French to the American government, as an indemnification for the spoliation committed on American commerce under the Berlin and Milan decrees. In spite of the serious shape which this question has now assumed, the French authorities seem still to treat it with their accustomed levity. They will not believe, or at least affect to discredit, the possibility of a rupture between two friendly powers so long and so intimately allied as are France and the United States, arising out of a paltry question of money. No direct application has yet been made either in Paris or Washington for the explanation or apology required by the amendment of General Valaze on the law of last session, and it is very certain that no individual connected with the American government has ever entertained the remotest idea of volunteering the concession required.

It is remarkable that the present Government at Washington have, in this recall of Mr. Barton, departed from the precedent which had been established in 1812, on the occasion of the rupture with England. At that period the recurrence to actual hostilities was preceded, as it probably will be now, by the enactment and execution of a non-intercourse act, but during the whole course of its endeavours, up to the moment of actual warfare, the Charges d'Affaires of the two countries remained at their posts in London & Washington respectively for the very purpose, as it would appear, of leaving the door open for conciliation or compromise.

On the present occasion, it is not doubted that M. Pageot, the Secretary of the French Legation at Washington, who was left there by M. Serrurier with the rank of Charge d'Affaires, will be instructed by his government to follow Mr. Barton's example, if he has not already been sent out of the country by the President's orders. A non-intercourse act on the part of America, followed by reprisals on the part of France, is considered still more inevitable. The French government flatter themselves that the people of the United States will suffer nearly as much as France under this system of quasi-hostility, and that [illegible], they will be much less patient under their want of French wines and French silks, and of a market for their cotton and tobacco, than the people of France will be under their corresponding disadvantages. At all events it is inferred, that the state of non-intercourse may continue without any rupture until after Mr. Van Buren's instalment in the [illegible]

[illegible]

...Prices Current.

Evening Post, by Robt. T. Rich-ardson, Counsellor, Broadway, cor. Cedar.

FRIDAY MORNING, JAN. 1, 1836.

...ASS, ...	6	Sugar-house	47 @ 49
...ASS, ...	8 @ 9	do. Havana	47 @ 49
...	9 @ 9	do. Phila.	44 @ 47
...TTER		do. Muscovado	44 @ 47
...	18 @ 20		
...ick, bg. No.	18 @ 19	Teas, Bohea	38 @ 38
...	17 @ 18	Hys. & Mesnims.	38 @ 38
		MACKEREL.	
		No. 1., bbl.	6 @ 7
		No. 2., bbl.	5 @ 5
...EE, duty free.		No. 3.	3 @ 3
...	10 @ 14	OIL	
...Sumatra,	10 @ 11	Linseed, Am. from	
...Java,	12 @ 13	store	85 @ 90
...Laguira,	11 @ 12	do Dutch	
...Rio,	11 @ 12	Whale, crude	
...Cuba,	11 @ 12	Sperm winter	1 02 @ 1 10
...TTON duty 5		Sperm spring	95 @ 1 00
...ERINE,	8 @ 10	PLANTER PRICES	
...ERINE,	8 @ 10	In Dr'ers' store,	
...ERINE,	8 @ 10	Cotton, Upland	
...ew Orl'ns	10 @ 11	Sea Island	
...ew Orl'ns	10 @ 11	Rice, rough	2 25 @ 2 62
...RIGHTS		Flaxseed, rough	1 65 @ 1 68
...ew York, per coast		Tobacco,	
...ew York,	1 @ 1	Kentucky bdsd.	3 75 @ 5 00
...ew York,	1 @ 1	Leaf,	5 @ 10
...ew York,	1 @ 1	Hemp,	
...ew York,	1 @ 1	Russia clean	
...ew York,	1 @ 1	WHISKEY	
...ew York,	1 @ 1	Rye, in hhds.	26 @ 27
...ew York,	1 @ 1	Rye, in bbls.	28 @ 30
...ew York,	1 @ 1	WOOL	
...ew York,	1 @ 1	Prime Saxony fleece,	
...ew York,	1 @ 1		
...ew York,	1 @ 1		
...ew York,	1 @ 1

The following parody on the beautiful lines of Goldsmith, were taken from the cage of a milk dyer. It undoubtedly obtained for him many a fair customer:

When lovely woman lets her accent,
And finds too late that tea will water—
Whatever mode a lady chooses,
What art can wash all white again?—
The only art the stain to screen,
To hide the spot from every eye;
And write in imitation rose above her,
Of proper color, is—to dye.

From the National Intelligencer.

"POOR TOM"—A REASONABLE TOPER.

Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen,
Here's to the widow of fifty;
Here's to the lonely, unmarried queen,
And here's to the housewife that's thrifty.
Widow or lass—or she-queen proud,
I warrant that 'twill prove an excuse for the glass.
Old Song.

"My gentle hearers! I am merely'e bold'st to learn that some of you are among the ten first to pass the gridiron part of your lane on that noble' precision of time. Not but mortal wound, certainly from an arrogant dispute with a master. D—don't jog'e, keep steady—a minute it is' my friend. A wise man when he first got up' that morn—particularly if as usual—does on hurry, and neither jar nor jolt in dress or manner. Is it so or not? Answer in an express—but ye must not be mean nuances o' the day. Well, then, after your proper and needful toilet, I shall not forbid you half a gill or so, to stay your stomach; but take no more then, till ye are fairly at your breakfast table with your family; ye may take another without blame; (ye'd muckle better eat a quart of fresh meat,) but no more, (ye'd muckle better go and read them waiting supper,) brings, a bright appetite, to the meal, and then in a manner it' do it' self. Now, no man till supper time, unless he feel like spirits, then an easy drink a glass or so' twoan time—but before supper, nay jist not glass only—no more. At' no supper, as ye will know after till mothership, be very thin' ers. This advice I go ye, for general' occasions; on mornings' and this, weddings, as' el' evenings, are no like, I will not have all ye are capable bridle' to either prompt or hurt. Ye will remember her, once for a', be but wee o' you, d-min keep reasonance o t' day' or all the day."—Scotch Parson's Sermon on Intemperance.

Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood.

* * * * *

Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly.

As you like it.

"I wonder how," says Toper Tom,
Some folks drink at all at noonin';
I never drink, save from custom—
Unless I have—my reasons.

"W...n reason dictates, then I take
A glass or two, or may be three;
But never drink for drinking-sake,
As many people do.

"When times are dull, and business bad,
Or when you get a letter,
The news is which side cents you rad,
Then, take a glass—'twere better.

"My reason's this: a glass, just then—
I think you'll see its merits!
Man can't support these troubles when
They are in stark low-spirits.

"Well, business mends: and times grow fair;
A letter comes to tell you;
Your uncle's dead—you are his heir—
Some wealth! has befell you—

"Why, then I drink. Since Fortune gave
Ah, for wealth's sweetest heir,
Shall I so scurvily behave
As treat 'good luck' in water?

"Charlotte my billet-doux returns,
But don't return my passion;
Shall I go hang, or about retrain,
After the Werter-fashion?

"Reason says, 'No:' I'll take a glass—
My care she does not mete!
(*Another glass!*) What! hang myself?
No! now I'm more in spirits.

"But, lastly, she returns my love,
And keeps my billet darkly,
What in such case, would may men,
Who'd cry spirit do?

"As ever grief, so ever joy
Brog lover on, believe me!
Were woe'd and sorrow wine, here, boy!
I drink, then—to relieve me.

"When a man mets a business down,
We know will ease his pain;
And then to wet down thirst he'll own
'good health,' When getting well again.

"In my 'Play' by the cross deceiv'd?
Damn'd by his brutish empire?
'A bottle!' no! It's out: and now
I can dance every crisis.

"Oh I've forsworn the 'generous' glass;
As against the commandants?
Reason I'll ever in the end
Count 'palsies' fraud Resolutions.'

"So, poor W.ft dead! it strikes my nerves
So much!—you'll scarcely think!
Well! Here's, I may—you deserve,
Does thief man!—I must drink.

"A son! well, Fred, I give you joy!
A I'm pleased to hear the news!
"Come! drink to the child, "health to the boy!"
"I trul—I can't refuse!

"Give me your hand! good bye! but, stay—
One glass more, my friend,
"What! back again! we thought you dead,
Come, but now's to die past!"

* * * * *

"I'm sick—I'm faint—the ghost of years,
Ill-used, shade, regardless,
Stand round my bed! I have sure tears,
I'm weak; I feel repentant.

"None, none! that brandy! more! your more!
Health, wen'th, old age, renown!
My home has been a dreary floor,
A foolsney been my crown.'

"Poor Tom,' thus roused! ah'd, and drank!
What more is to be told?
Dissipation—Death's sure to be sick—
And now, "poor Tom's a-cold."

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* Why not? † This a nicely another mode of expressing Borne's idea, in answer to the query on which he put to him. well, as to how he had gained his title. He says he had

* * * * Been stringing blethers up in rhyme,
To fool the folk that read it.

BENEFITS OF MATRIMONY.

I went to one neighbor and solicited a donation for a public object; he replied, "I approve of your object and would most gladly favor you, but I have a wife and charity begins at home."

I called on a second; he replied that such an were able ought to be liberal, and that he had every disposition to be so, but was poor. I have a wife and nine children, on whom I am bound to regard—three of my children."

A public charity demanded that a messenger should be sent from the city to a more country; A person was selected whose talents were well adapted to the occasion. He replied, "that nothing would give him more pleasure, but it was absolutely impossible on account of his family. He was excused.

Two merchants, partners in business, lacked. At a meeting of the creditors, it was observed that one should forthwith be released; but the other, because he was a bachelor, might yet, as was his duty, go to work and pay a small dividend.

An unchosen office were about to appoint a secretary. There were, as usual, twenty applicants. In the division of the board of directors, the salaries of many were set forth—when a member rose and said that the one whom he should support was a man of moderate capacity, but that he was a good man with a family. He seconded, and he was elected.

A mercantile friend wished me to procure a person to fill a responsible station. A gentleman came who seemed well fitted for the office. I asked him how much salary he expected. He replied, modestly, that as a married man, which I understood to be fifteen hundred dollars per annum. I told him that a bachelor would have had over a thousand.

Two criminals were tried for forgery at the Old Bailey, and were condemned to death. The King pardoned the one on the ground of the poverty of his wife and children. The other paid the forfeit of his life, because he was a bachelor.

In short, would you avoid trouble of many kinds, easier worry, greater, which filled the ear deaf, or escape punishment, you have only to get married.

FRENCH GRENADIERS.—During the assault of Constantine, Colonel Combes, at the head of the 3d Legion, on an incident took place, reflecting as much to upon the honors on the noblest conception, and evincing the highest of commemorate courage with noble humanity. When the combatants were apparently at the height of their ardor, and every inch was pertinaciously disputed by the British forces, a shield by some accident escaped from the house in the midst of the scene of action, and immediately ran, unnoticed by the combatants, to the nearest convent between those engaged in front.

One of the French grenadiers perceived the imminent danger of the child, grounded his piece, left the ranks in the hottest fire, took the child in his arms, and placed it in safety in the house from which it had come, and then with all possible haste, returned to resume his part in the fight.

An Irishman, speaking of the rapacity of the clergy in exacting their tithes, said, "By St. Patrick, let a farmer be ever so poor, they won't fail to make him pay his full tenths, whether he can or not; nay, they would convert of a sixth take a twentieth, if the law permitted them."

THE EARLY LIFE OF WASHINGTON.

We extract a single passage relating to Washington, from an oration recently delivered at Rowley, in Massachusetts, by Edward Everett. Those who have a taste for the illustrious will see with what delicate address an audience, may feel the thrill which it may be supposed the delivery of this paragraph produced:—*Nat. Int.*

"I can scarcely ask me to recount the horrors of the ninth of July 1755. Washington,—consecrated, indeed, by a special grace and favor—had passed in safety. He appeared the illustrated General to send forward the regular Rangers to secure the forest in which the two-eight him to conciliate the Indians. He marches in three subdued; the whole commander marched, and would be his fate. Washington was then seven hundred days, in the course of the following five months, he had special he had four horses wounded, was shot of the two horses of his personal staff. The whole detachment was tried in ambush, and moved on in a square, in regular columns, in the sound of martial music. The sun glanced upon their burnished arms, the plumed Pennsylvanian floated upon their right, and the deep sonore forest overshadowed them with solemn grandeur, on their left. It was a bright summer's day—and, very hour—as swell a sum the confidence and experience of many years, and the forest range with the yell of the savage enemy: the silence of the dismal scene under Colonel Gage, afterwards the Governor of Massachusetts, is driven back on the main body, the whole force, panic-stricken, confusion and disorder ensued, after a weld and long service cost us of three hours, fully a prey to the unbridled fear. They ran before the French and Indians "like sheep before the dogs."—Of eighty-six officers, eight were killed and thirty-seven wounded. The General had four horses shot under him, and received four balls through his clothes, and was the only principal provincial in his own army. The Virginia Rangers were the only part of the army that behaved well on the occasion; and the disorderly retreat of the British veterans was actively covered by the Americans, under which Washington was the guardian angel of the day. He was constantly in the midst of the fight. "I am," he wrote to his mother next morning, "still preserved by the watchful eye of Heaven." Of this battle, two horses were killed under him, and four bullets passed through his garments, no common fortune preserved his life. Fifteen years afterwards, a Shawanese chief, who had fought against Braddock, approached the great man of future memory. Yes, said he, many times did I draw a bead on you, and every time my gun missed fire. I then left the Shawanese, and said to myself, it is in vain to fight against the Great Spirit. He has a spell over you. Your life is charmed. Now, said he, I am old, and soon shall go to the great council fire of my fathers in the land of spirits. But before I go, I wished to see the man who is the favorite of Heaven, for I know that the arm of the Great Spirit is around him for good."

Fun and Philosophy.

BY LADY CLARE.

Heigh for cold Ireland, oh would you require a'nd
Where more superior fun than over the thing,
Where pure conjunction has taught the wit to nation
To fight, love, drink, sing, joke, and be merry,
'Tis Pat's multi-theatrical, rhetorical, tactical,
Knowing and practical, fanciful, gay,

Fun and philosophy, mopping and mophistry,
Thrown together in the like is out of his way.

He is alive light of nature, and wore through grapevine,
He's a dab at projectiles—he'er misses his mark;
He is o'er-head and ears in love, look at his sweetheart,
But the doctrine of chances he squares every plan;
In lighthouse or hackney, the sea-boy of Bacchus,
If it flowed but with whiskey, he'd strow it away;
Fun and philosophy, mopping and mophistry,
There's nothing in the line at out of his way.

So to him cross over, sexual and philosophy,
Thinking, love fairly mixed: he better or all!
But they'll find that for knowledge, tis at our own
College.

Themselves once inquire for—beds, dinner or ball;
Thing is for men to try, and indigo is for dyers,
To all who require and have money to pay;
Where fun and philosophy, mopping and mophistry,
Laid on and lecturing fill up the day.

Here's our *desipiare*, put down our sailing, pray,
See all the current issues after the week;
Lonely inn, Moore has said, must existence be led,
So this is bad morning to end in the deed;
Perhaps you'll be thinking, that eating and drinking,
While we are on a bender is rather gay;
'Tis fun and philosophy, mopping and mophistry,
Are all very much things in their way.

So, at the Rotunda, we all sorts of fun do,
Hard to save and no cure we melt in one flame;
Many of them are very good fellows, but
Will share one rapture at each lovely dame.
There, fond of music, oh, ha, ha, ha, tendresse,
Are given with nothings, to grave and to gay;
Thus fun and philosophy, mopping and mophistry,
Send all to England, home happy and gay.

Extract from Washington Irving's Alhambra.

Washington Irving's Fine Biography now Complete.—On the following morning, after an early breakfast, I set off on a foot excursion to the Abbey. On the way thither I overtook a number of peasants, all of whom saluted me with the usual courtesy of the country. I was on my way to the ruins of Melrose Abbey, and wished to know whether I would be agreeable to Mr. Scott that I had not yet been made a business, to receive a visit from me in the course of the morning.

In a little while the "lord of the castle's himself made his appearance. I knew him at once by the description I had read and heard, and the interior that had been published of him. He was tall, and of a large, powerful frame. His dress was simple, and country rustic. An old green shooting coat, with a dog-whistle at the button hole, brown linen pantaloons, and shoes that tied at the ankles, and a white hat that had evidently seen service. came jumping up the gravel walk, sailing himself by a stout walking staff; but moved vigorously and well when on foot.

Before Scott had reached the gate he called out in a hearty tone, welcoming me to Abbotsford, and advancing with a cordial grasp of the hand. "Come, come in, dined of course, and all that—and be sure to put in time for breakfast, and afterwards ye shall see all the wonders of the Abbey."

I would have excused myself, on the plea of having already made my breakfast. "Hout, tout," cried he, "a ride in the morning in the keen air of the Scotch mountains enough for a second breakfast."

I was accordingly whirled to the portal of the cottage, and on alighting found myself among a merry knot at the breakfast table. There was no one present but the family circle, consisting of Mrs. Scott and her daughter, Sophia, then a fine girl about seventeen, Miss Ann Scott, and a son of about twenty. Walter, a well grown striding, and I believe, a lively boy about fifteen years of age. I found myself quite at home, and my heart in a glow with the cordial welcome I experienced. I had thought to make a mere morning visit, but found I was not to be let off so lightly. The whole house was in a bustle, breakfast to be read in a morning like a newspaper," and the meal was scarcely over before the arrival of a servant traveller that had a stall for sale world's surgery. After breakfast the whole party took to Melrose Abbey; I shall not be able to accompany you, as I have some business to attend to at home, but I will put you in charge of my son Charles, who will be happy to show you the way, and point out the objects worthy of notice." Following the direction of the ample-chested it stands in, and he and my friend Walter went off very much like a pair of colts, with a good deal more that you are not calculated upon to hear. Scott and I walked more soberly and soothing sauntery. When you come back I'll take you over the house, and show you my curiosities." In a more morning visit, but found I was not to be let off so lightly. I was to stay to dinner, and to breakfast to be read in a morning like a newspaper," and the meal was scarcely over before the arrival of a servant traveller that has a stall for sale world's surgery. After breakfast the whole party took to Melrose Abbey; I shall not be able to accompany you, as I have some business to attend to at home, but I will put you in charge of my son Charles, who will be happy to show you the way, and point out the objects worthy of notice." Following the direction of the ample-chested it stands in, and he and my friend Walter went off very much like a pair of colts, with a good deal more that you are not calculated upon to hear. Scott and I walked more soberly and soothing sauntery. When you come back I'll take you over the house, and show you my curiosities." In a more morning visit, but found I was not to be let off so lightly. I was to stay to dinner, and to breakfast to be read in a morning like a newspaper," and the meal was scarcely over before the arrival of a servant traveller that has a stall for sale world's surgery. After breakfast the whole party took to Melrose Abbey; I shall not be able to accompany you, as I have some business to attend to at home, but I will put you in charge of my son Charles, who will be happy to show you the way, and point out the objects worthy of notice." Following the direction of the ample-chested it stands in, and he and my friend Walter went off very much like a pair of colts, with a good deal more that you are not calculated upon to hear. Scott and I walked more soberly and soothing sauntery. When you come back I'll take you over the house, and show you my curiosities."

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* Why not? † This a nicely another mode of expressing Borne's idea, in answer to the query on which he put to him. well, as to how he had gained his title. He says he had

* * * * Been stringing blethers up in rhyme,
To fool the folk that read it.

THE MOCKING BIRD.

That sweetest of American songsters, the trail of the mocking bird, was heard in the Old World—making, was in full song, and wooing in notes; and sweeter melody than ever, which filled the ear during the silent southern twilight, and beguiled the hours of darkness, was nearly never heard under the open sky. I was interested to find song elsewhere, in the deep woods of North and West; but, whether it was the season, or the nature of the countenances and thought which attuned my ears, more sweet and moral to the listening, I never heard that tantalizingly varied song poured forth with such fullness and such ease, as in the groves of Darien. The air was filled with its exhilarations, and when heard, every sensible power, sharpened, was nobody seemed unmoved and pensive. The quiet effects of the mocking bird's song, in the midst of the sensuous scenery between those engaged in flight.

One of the French grenadiers perceived the imminent danger of the child, grounded his piece, left the ranks in the hottest fire, took the child in his arms, and placed it in safety in the house from which it had come, and then with all possible haste, returned to resume his part in the fight.

An Irishman, speaking of the rapacity of the clergy in exacting their tithes, said, "By St. Patrick, let a farmer be ever so poor, they won't fail to make him pay his full tenths, whether he can or not; nay, they would convert of a sixth take a twentieth, if the law permitted them."

THE SILK CULTURIST.

SILK CULTURE IN THE UNITED STATES.

The following letter on the subject of the Silk Culture, contains valuable information of interest to farmers and agriculturalists, and the high encomium bestowed commands, excites the sanguinists to implicate belief.

In a letter recently received from Mr. Ellsworth, he urges it most importunately on me, "not to neglect the mulberry plant, and to be sure of my success I send the *Morus Multicaulis*, as those whose foresight convinces them that every farmer will be compelled to immediately share more largely in the benefits of its cultivation." As my own observation and experiments have already proved, and experiments which have been made by others, and the statistical information of the Union, will give an opportunity to the farmers of the United States to realize a profit from the culture of silk, equal to their present income, I have written to the Secretary of the Treasury, requesting him to procure for me the most correct information in his power, and I have addressed letters to the Governors of the several States, requesting them to call the attention of their Legislatures to the importance of the subject, and to procure for me the most correct information in their possessions.

MRS. HUMANS AT SWEETRUE.

From the London Athenæum.

The hour which Mrs. Humans occupied was too small to observe the manners of the people at a glance—now a one to a dusty road—and yet too intricate in its windings to allow a coach to pass. Sweetrue is now set on a small crest, and within was gloomy and dilapidated—the walls were crumbling, the roof was cracked; and yet she chose something of her own approval. Indeed, the whole place was in keeping with the work-bookcase and her lady, and she flowers which were scattered in all her little rooms; they put scents assumed a habitable shape—an elegant appearance. Sometimes, indeed, she was not quite sure that she had when the talk was of house-keeping and like matters. Others, and those were the majority, had their hand—small engines of round-dirt complaints, and they were not—and, indeed, they were not ashamed of their want, by getting up a certain number of her books. Then was the pleasure of the lady, when she found a lady, neither short nor tall, though far from middling, and the pen-drawing ruler, and in her appearance, her hair, however, of the true auburn tinge, was not in the least affected, and her bonnet had ever been in well-manners sport and refined, a little reserved and constrained at first, but who lost no art to the news of the day.—

We gave the lab, and read the last verse.

The Indies, however, that they went away, had to tell—that her room was in a mid-litter with books and papers, that she no sign of the lamp ever had—that broken, and that one were a veil on her hand like unto a—that she had a—that she was to make inroads on by their Delia Cruscan admirations; in fact, the touch of the pen-drawing ruler, and in her appearance, her nothing to be said on either side; though there were spots of the darkly dusky, yet, on the whole, the tone of the genuine presence she gave by her writings than by her looks